

Super 8

Jason Isbell

Don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel

 If I ever get back to Bristol

 I'm better off sleeping in a county jail

Don't want to die in a super 8 Motel

 Audience is just right

 Drinking like a pirate do

 Don't want to sleep yet

 Buddy it's a good bet

 I'll raise more hell than you

 Do a couple rails

 And chase your own tail

And talk about the bad old days

 Trimmer in a t-shirt

 Telling me her heart hurt

Honey let me count the ways

 Then a big boy busted in

 Screaming at his girlfriend

 Waving around a Fungo bat

 Bass player stepping up

 Brandishing a coffee cup

Took it in the baby fat

 Just because somebody's evening didn't go so well

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 Bleeding from the left ear

 Feeling pretty bad for the maid

 Lost a couple drinks and my dinners in a sink

 Woke up with the bed still made

 Wasn't quite morning and I wasn't quite breathing

 My heart way up in my throat

The Girl starts screaming and the maid starts screaming

 And it looks like it's all she wrote

 Well they slapped me back to life

 And they telephoned my wife

 And they filled me full of Pedialyte

 Some are guts some are glory

 And it would make a great story

If I ever could remember it right

I don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel

â€”Just because somebody's evening didn't go so well
â€”If I ever get back to Bristol
â€”I'm better off sleeping in a county jail
â€”I don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel
â€”I don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel

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